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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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MILLAIN'S "HUGENOT."

Your favorite picture rises up before me,
Where'er you play that tune;
I see two figures standing in a garden
In the still August noon.

One is a girl's with pleading face turned
upward
Trembling with a great alarm,
While the other, she binds her brood-
ered kerchief
Around the other's arm.

Whose gaze is bent on her in tender pity,
Whose eyes look into hers
With a deep meaning, though she cannot
read it,
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,
With Summer flowers about?
What gives the woman's voice its passion-
ate pleading;
What makes the man's so low?

"See, love," she murmurs, "you shall
wear my kerchief,
It is the badge, I know;
And it will bear you safely through the con-
flict
If indeed you go?

"You will not wear it? Will not wear my
kerchief?
Nay! Do not tell me why.
I will not listen! If you go without it,
You will go hence to die.

"Hush! Do not answer! It is death I tell
you,
Indeed I speak the truth.
You, standing there so full of life and
courage,
So bright with health and youth.

"You would go hence, out of the Summer
sunshine,
Out of the garden bloom;
Out of the living, thinking, feeling, Pres-
ent
Into the unknown gloom?"

Then he makes answer. "Hush! Oh, hush
my darling,
Life is so sweet to me,
So full of hope you need not bid me guard
it,
If such a thing might be!

"If such a thing might be—but not
my darling,
I could not come to you;
I dare not stand here in your pure, sweet
presence,
Knowing myself untrue."

"It is no sin!" the wild voice interrupts
him,
"This is no open strife;
Have you not often dreamt a nobler war-
fare
In which to spend your life?"

"Oh! for my sake—though but for my
sake—wear it!
Think what my life would be
If you gave it first true worth and
meaning
Were taken now from me!

"Think of the long, long days, so slowly
passing!
Think of the endless years!
I am so young! Must I live out my life
time
With neither hopes nor fears?"

He speaks again, in mournful tones and
tender,
But with unswerving faith:
"Should not love make us braver, aye,
and stronger
Either for life or death?"

"And life is hardest. Oh, my love, my
treasure,
If I could bear your part
Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet
it
With an unshrinking heart.

"Child! child! I little dreamt in that
bright Summer,
When first your love I sought,
Of all the future store of woe and anguish
Which I, unknowing, wrought.

"But you'll forgive me? Yes, you will
forgive me,
I know, when I am dead!
I would have loved you—but words have
scant meaning—
God love you more instead."

Then there is silence in the sunny garden
Until, with faltering tone,
She sobs, the while still clinging closer to
him,
"Forgive me—go—my own!"

So human love and faith, by death un-
shaken,
Mingle their glorious psalm,
Albeit low, until the passionate pleading
Is hushed in deepest calm.

The Proud King.

There was once a king who ruled
over many lands. He went to war
and added one country after an-
other to his kingdom. At last he
came to be emperor, and that is
as much as any man can be. One
night after he was crowned emper-
or, he lay awake and thought about
himself.

"Surely," he said, "no one can
be greater than I am on earth or in
heaven."

The proud king fell asleep with
these thoughts. When he awoke
the day was fair, and he looked out
on the pleasant world.

"Come," he said to the men
about him; today we will go a hunt-
ing." The horses were brought,
the dogs came leaping, the horns
sounded, and the proud king with
his courtiers rode off to the sport.
They had hunted all the morning,
and were now in a deep wood. In
the field the sun beat upon their
heads, and they were glad of the
shade of the trees; but the proud
king wished for something more.
He saw a lake not far off and he
said to his men: "Bide ye here,
while I bathe in the lake and cool
myself."

Then he rode apart till he came
to the shore of the lake. There he
got down from the horse, laid aside
his clothes, and plunged into the
cool water. He swam about, and
sometimes dived beneath the sur-
face, and he was once more cool
and fresh.

Now while the proud king was
swimming away from the shore and
diving to the bottom, there came
one who had the same face and
form as the king. He drew near
the shore, dressed himself in the
king's clothes, mounted the king's
horse and rode away. So when the
proud king was once more cool and
fresh, and came to the place where
he had left his clothes and his
horse, there were no clothes to be
seen, and no horse.

The proud king looked about,
but saw no man. He called, but no
one heard him. The air was mild,
but the wood was dark, and no sun-
shine came through to warm him
after his cold bath. He walked by
the shores of the lake and cast about
in his mind what he should do.

"I have it," he cried at last.
"Not far from here lives a knight.
It was but a few days ago that I
made him a knight and gave him a
castle. I will go to him and he will
be glad enough to clothe his king."

The proud king wove some reeds
into a mat about him and then he
walked to the castle of the knight.
He beat loudly at the gate of the
castle and called for the porter, who
came and stood behind the gate.
He did not draw the bolt at once,
but asked:

"Who is there?"
"Open the gate," said the proud
king, "and you will see who I am."

The porter opened the gate and
was amazed at what he saw.
"Who are you?" he asked.
"Wretch!" said the proud king.
"I am the emperor. Go to your
master. Bid him come to me with
clothes. I have lost both clothes
and horse."

"A pretty emperor!" The porter
laughed. "The emperor was here
not an hour ago. He came with
his court from a hunt. My master
was with him and sat at meat with
him. But stay you here. I will
call my master. Oh, yes! I will
show you him the emperor," and
the porter wagged his beard and
laughed, and went within.

He came forth again with the
knight and pointed at the proud
king.

"There is the emperor!" he said.
"Look at him! Look at the great
emperor!"

"Draw near," said the proud
king to the knight, "and kneel to
me. I gave thee this castle. I
made thee knight. I give thee now
a greater gift. I give thee the
chance to clothe thy emperor with
clothes of thy own."

"You dog!" cried the knight.
"You fool! I have just ridden
with the emperor, and have come
back to my castle. Here!" he
shouted to his servant, "beat the
fellow and drive him away from the
gate."

The porter looked and laughed.
"Lay on well," he said to the
other servants. "It is not every
day that you can flog an emperor."
Then they beat the proud king, and
drove him from the castle gate.

"Base knight!" said the proud
king. "I gave him all he has and
this is how he repays me. I will
punish him, when I sit on my
throne again. I will go to the duke,
who lives not far away. Him I
have known all my days. He will
know his emperor."

So he came to the gate of the
duke's great hall and knocked three
times. At the third knock the
porter opened the gate and saw be-
fore him a man clad only in a mat
of reed and stained and bleeding.

"Go, I pray, to the duke," said
the proud king, and bid him come

to me. Say that the emperor stands
at the gate. He has been robbed
of his clothes and of his horse. Go
quickly to your master."

The porter closed the gate be-
tween them and went within to the
duke.

"Your grace," said he, "there is
a madman at the gate. He is un-
clad and wild. He bade me come
to you and tell you that he was the
emperor."

"Here is a strange thing indeed,"
said the duke; "I will see it for
myself."

So he went to the gate followed
by his servants, and when the porter
opened it there stood the proud
king. The proud king knew the
duke, but the duke saw only a
bruised and beaten madman.

"Do you not know me?" cried
the proud king. "I am your
emperor. Only this morning you
were on the hunt with me. I left
you that I might bathe in the Lake.
While I was in the water some
wretch took my clothes and horse
and I—I have been beaten by a
base knight."

"Put him in chains," said the
duke to his servants. "It is not
safe to have such a man free.
Give him some straw to lie on and
some bread and water."

The duke turned away and went
back to his hall where his friends
sat at table.

"That was a strange thing," he
said. "There was a madman at
the gate. He must have been in
the woods this morning, for he told
me that I was on the hunt with the
emperor, and so I was, and that he
went apart to bathe in the lake, and
so he did. But he said that some
one stole the clothes and the horse
of the emperor, yet the emperor
rode back to us cool and fresh and
clothed and on his horse. And he
said"—and the duke looked around
on the guests.

"What did he say?"

"He said that he was the emper-
or."

Then the guests fell to talking
and laughing and soon forgot the
strange thing. But the proud king
lay in a dark prison far even from
the servants of the duke. He lay
on straw and chains bound his feet.

"What is this that has come up-
on me?" he said. "Am I brought
so low? Am I so changed that
even the duke does not know me?
At least there is one who will know
me, let me wear what I may."

Then by much labor he loosed
the chain that bound him and fled
in the night from the Duke's prison.

When the morning came he stood
at the door of his own palace. He
stood there awhile; perhaps some
one would open the door and let
him in. But no one came, and the
proud king lifted his hand and
knocked; he knocked at the door
of his own palace. The porter
came at last and looked at him;

"Who are you?" he asked, "and
what do you want?"

"Do you not know me?" cried
the proud king. "I am your
master. I am the king. I am the
emperor. Let me pass," and he
would have thrust him aside. But
the porter was a strong man. He
stood in the doorway and would not
let the proud king enter.

"You my master! you the emper-
or! poor fool, look here!" and held
the proud king by the arm while he
pointed to a hall beyond. There
sat the emperor on his throne and
by his side was the queen.

"Let me go to her! she will know
me," cried the proud king, and he
tried to break away from the
porter. The noise without was
heard in the hall. The nobles
came out, and last of all came the
emperor and the queen. When the
proud king saw these two he could
not speak. He was choked with
rage and fear and he knew not
what.

"You know me!" at last he
cried, "I am your lord and hus-
band."

The queen shrank back.
"Friends," said the man who
stood by her, "what shall be done
to this wretch?"

"Kill him," said one.
"Put out his eyes," said another.
"Beat him," said third.

Then they hustled the proud
king out of the palace court. Each
one gave him a blow, and so he was
thrust out and the door was shut
behind him.

The proud king fled. He

knew not whither. He wished he
was dead. By and by he came to
the lake, where he had bathed.
He sat down on the shore. It was
like a dream, but he knew he was
awake for he was cold, hungry and
faint. Then he knelt on the
ground and beat his breast and
said: "I am no emperor. I am
no king. I am a poor sinful man.
Once I thought there was no one
greater than I on earth or in heaven.
Now I know that I am nothing and
there is no one so poor and mean.
God forgive me for my pride."

As he said this tears stood in his
eyes. He wiped them away and
rose to his feet. Close by him he
saw the clothes which he had once
laid aside. Near the land was his
horse eating the soft grass. The
king put on his clothes; he mount-
ed his horse and rode to his palace.
As he drew near, the door opened
and servants came forth. One
held his horse, another helped him
dismount, and the porter bowed
low. "I marvel I did not see thee
pass out my lord," he said.

The king entered and again saw
the nobles in the great hall. There
stood the queen also, and by her
side was the man who called him-
self emperor. But the queen and
the nobles did not look at him.
They looked at the king and came
forward to meet him. This man
also came forward, but he was clad
in shining white and in robes of the
emperor. The king bowed his
head before him. "I am thy
angel," said the man.

"Thou wert proud and made
thyself to be set on high. There-
fore thou hast been brought low.
I have watched over thy kingdom.
Now I give it back to thee, for thou
art once again humble, and the
humble only are fit to rule."

Then the angel disappeared.
No one else heard his voice, and the
nobles thought the king had bowed
to them. So the king once more
sat on the throne and ruled wisely
and humbly ever after.—Selected.

The Strange Pike Perch

The sportsman who lands a large
pike perch is indeed fortunate. To
get an idea of what a pike perch
looks like take an ordinary perch,
which has but one back, or dorsal,
fin, and add the back fin of a perch,
change the color somewhat and then
enlarge the eye.

The pike perch, which is a fresh-
water fish, has many names, accord-
ing to the part of the country in
which is found. It is called the sal-
mon, the jack salmon, the wall-eyed
pike, the yellow pike, the pickerel,
the okow, the blowfish, the green
pike and the blue pike; in Canada it
is known as the *dore*, or *dory*. The
fish is not a pike at all, but belongs
to the perch family. Its eggs are ex-
ceedingly small, perhaps one twelfth
of an inch in diameter; and, since
they are so small, great numbers of
them are found in a female fish.
They run one hundred and fifty
thousand to the quart, and some of
the largest pike perch have been
known to yield nine hundred thou-
sand—almost a million.

As a game fish the pike perch is a
strong and valiant fighter; it will
take small eels and other small fish,
and sometimes when in shallow
water will rise to an artificial fly, as
food the fish is generally fine and
is of much commercial importance.
The flesh is firm, white and flaky
and sweet. In most of the waters that
the pike perch frequents it seems to
be a wanderer. Sometimes the
sportsman will find it only in shallow
water, and perhaps the next day will
find it only in water of considerable
depth.

Few pike perch more than twelve
pounds in weight have been taken on
a hook and line; and there seems to
be no record that a pike perch more
than fifteen pounds in weight was
ever taken on hook and line. The
circumstance is extraordinary, for
the pike perch is known to reach an
enormous size. The United States
Fish Commission reports that a pike
perch that weighed forty pounds was
once taken, probably with a spear;
and many pike perch that weigh up
to twenty-five pounds have been cap-
tured in nets. Why only the smaller
fish will take a hook and bait is ex-
tremely puzzling.

The real proof of success is being
able to stand on the top rung of the
ladder after you get there.

Discovers Fire Swept City of Ancient Man in Tennessee.

Charred and blackened remains
of a beautiful prehistoric Indian
city, destroyed by fire long before
the advent of the white man, but
formerly covering an area of 500
acres and defended by a palisaded
wall and breastworks more than a
mile in length, have been discovered
in two bends of the Harpeth River
near Kingsport Springs, Tennessee,
by W. E. Myer, special archaeolo-
gist of the Smithsonian Institution.

Mr. Myer, who has just returned
to Washington after two and a half
months excavation at this ancient
site, declared here today that no
other old Indian town in the United
State was laid out with such artistic
skill as is evidenced in the
structural plan of the great mounds
of this large fortified place.

On one bend of the river is a
great hill which was artificially
shaped by the ancient builders
from bottom to top. Three wide
terraces were built at various levels
along this hill, and its original
summit was cut away until a level
plaza, about 1,000 feet in length
and 500 in breadth, had been form-
ed. On this level plaza they had
erected a large mound. Around
the edge of the plaza and the
terraces other mounds had been
formed. The Sun-baked clay used
in the construction of ancient earth
lodges was found surrounding the
open plaza and along the terraces.

In addition to the great central
mound on the bold terraces hill,
which formed the most striking
feature of the city, there were with-
in the walls five other eminences
which had also been levelled into
plazas. There yielded many traces
of the ancient earth lodges and
other evidences of the former in-
habitants. The remains of about
thirty mounds of various sizes have
been found. On the edge of the
terraces were the earth lodges of
the common people. The sacred
temples and council houses and the
earth lodges of the chiefs and sub-
chiefs had probably been placed on
the summits of ten of the largest
mounds.

The upstream portion of the
ancient city was defended on the
water side by perpendicular cliffs
of the Harpeth River. On the land
side, Mr. Myer said, many traces
still remain of the ancient breast-
works, which extended for about
a mile and a half and originally
had wooden palisades about 10
feet in length firmly embedded in
their tops. These palisades formed
a wooden wall which had been
plastered on the outside in order
to make scaling difficult by an
enemy. Along this wall at inter-
vals of about 150 yards were found
earth bastions which had formerly
supported semi-circular wooden
towers. The enemy advancing to
attack was therefore subjected to
fire from the defenders along the
main wall and also an enfilading
fire from the warriors in the towers
on these bastions. Faint traces
of the wooden towers and of the
wooden palisades were found. The
great length of the wall to be de-
fended indicates that the city must
have contained several thousand
inhabitants.

All the buildings whose traces
were uncovered appeared to have
been burned. Under an overturned
wall the charred remains of the
woven reed tapestry which had
formerly hung on the walls of the
building were discovered, and Mr.
Myer and his assistants secured
plaster casts of this ancient work of
art for the Smithsonian Institution.
No object of white man's manu-
facture was found on the site.
Everything denoted great age.

"Beyond all question," Mr. Myer
declared, "this town had been
lived in and destroyed long before
the coming of the whites into the
region, while the Indians which
claimed this section of Tennessee
stated to the first whites that their
Indian forefathers had found these
remains lying silent and deserted
when they arrived."

The mention of these mysterious
mounds in a rare book long since
out of print gave Mr. Myer the clue
which led to the exploration of the
place. An airplane was used to
survey and photograph the ancient
Indian town site.—By Science Ser-
vice.

Colonizing the British Empire

Convinced that Great Britain has
reached or is approaching overpopu-
lation, and that the empire would be
safer and stronger if its great do-
minions were more fully settled and
cultivated, the British government
has proposed a scheme for the re-
distribution of population that is ex-
traordinary both in scope and cost.
The Empire Settlement Act pro-
vides for appropriating \$15,000,000
a year for fourteen years, to help
move landless men from England to
the manless lands of Canada, Aus-
tralia and New Zealand, on condi-
tion that the dominions furnish an
equal amount of money for the
same purpose. South Africa, as we
understand the plan, is not included,
since it is felt that the opportunities
for white labor there are not so good
as in other dominions.

The Australian government has
already accepted the plan, and Can-
ada and New Zealand are expected
to follow. If they do, some \$420,-
000,000 will be spent before 1936 in
settling in motion "the great trek"
of millions of British pioneers into
the unoccupied spaces of the empire.

The alarming amount of unemploy-
ment in England since the war is one
of the conditions that has hastened
forward this remarkable venture in
colonization. Two or three millions
are constantly out of work and sup-
ported by government relief funds.
Nor is the situation of Europe such
as to awaken much hope for an early
revival of British trade. The aim
of the Empire Settlement Act is
both to put those unemployed men
at healthful, useful work, and to
help build up a larger and more pro-
fitable colonial trade.

The population of the British
Isles is now three hundred and
eighty-six to the square mile; that
of Canada is only two and a half,
and that of Australia and New
Zealand is less than two. Although
there are parts of Canada too cold
and sterile to be permanently settled,
and parts of Australia too hot and
dry, there is room for many millions
more in both dominions. It remains
to be seen whether the highly
industrialized population of Britain
has lost that high spirit of adventure,
that hardy love of pioneering which
has carried the British flag and the
British race into every continent
and across every sea. Government
aid will deliver the twentieth-cen-
tury colonist from much of the
hardship that the first settlers of
Canada and Australia had to face,
but he will have to possess courage,
industry and endurance, if he is to
make his way in a strange and un-
familiar way of life. Others besides
Englishmen will watch the great
undertaking with interest.

A Love Letter Five Thousand Years Old

Archaeologists are continually
making surprising discoveries among
the rubbish heaps that mark the
sites of the vanished cities of
Mesopotamia. It is not so long ago
that the remarkable legal code of
King Hammurabi was found among
the ruins of Babylon inscribed on a
large and irregular stele. That
carries us back to two thousand
years before Christ, but the recent
discovery at Tello, Nippur and Ur
in Chaldea, of clay tablets nearly or
quite a thousand years older, carries
us back to what we consider as the
dawn of civilization.

We find that the people who dwell
along the Tigris and Euphrates so
long ago were both civilized and
cultivated and wrote letters much
like those we write today. Among
the discoveries is this delightful
little letter scratched by a young
man on a clay tablet and sent to his
beloved:

"To Bibea, thus says Gimil
Marduk: May the gods Shamash and
Marduk permit thee to live forever
for my sake. I write to inquire con-
cerning thy health. Tell me how
thou art. I went to Babylon but
did not see thee. I was greatly dis-
appointed. Send the reason for thy
leaving, that I may be happy. Do
come in the month Marchesvan.
Keep well always for my sake."

Does it not seem strange that this
eager inquiry of a lover after the
health of a girl who has been dead
for fifty centuries perhaps should so
long survive both the man and the
maid and come to be seen and read
today by men who live thousands of

miles beyond the limits of the little
world they knew!

Inside the Floodgate

When the floodgate of the irrigat-
ing system on my Virginia plantation
became jammed, writes a contributor
to *Forest and Stream*, I hurried down
to it. Both sections of the gate were
wide open, and the pressure of water
from the river was tremendous; but
only a muddy trickle was coming
through the trunk, or covered sluice-
way. Something must have plugged
it up. Old Cudjo, who had made
the floodgate, volunteered to crawl in
to examine the inside of it.

We watched while he vanished
into the black hole. Suddenly we
heard him cry out. Then he re-
appeared and reached the bank with
extraordinary speed. He was badly
frustrated and declared that a live
creature was in the floodgate. From
what he said about the thing's cold,
scaly hide, I guessed that it was an
alligator.

We got two boat hooks, and after
perhaps an hour we dislodged a huge
bull alligator fifteen feet long and al-
most five hundred pounds in weight.
In trying to pass from the river to
the canal in the rice field he had used
the floodgate as a convenient short
cut; but he had become wedged
against some blunt pins that old
Cudjo had left in the trunk when he
had made it. The bulk of the
reptile occupied all the space avail-
able and effectively shut out the
water. We killed him, and the
negroes skinned him.

Diocese of Maryland.

RKV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary,
3109 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St.
Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monu-
ment St.

SERVICES.
First Sunday, Holy Communion and Ser-
mon, 8:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Ad-
dress, 8:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Ser-
mon, 8:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Com-
munion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and
Catechism, 8:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday ex-
cept the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday,
except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints'
Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St.
John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Em-
manuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and
Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
The Rev. James H. Clout, M.A., D.D.,
Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steldemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hattie L. Deen, Sunday School
Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, First Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.
Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.
Special services, lectures, socials and
other events indicated on annual program
card and duly announced.
You are cordially invited and urged to
attend—Tell and bring your friends.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Warren M. Smalts, Missionary, 323
N. Hartville Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

During July, August and September:
First Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Holy Communion.
Second Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Third Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Fourth Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Evening Prayer.
Fifth Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Evening Prayer.
You are cordially invited.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the
next annual meeting of the Penn-
sylvania Society for the Advance-
ment of the Deaf will be held at the
Pennsylvania Institution for the
Deaf, at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia,
between the time of August 30th
and September 3d, 1923, for the
purpose of electing four Managers to
serve three years in place of those
whose terms will expire at this
meeting, viz:—John A. Roach,
Phila.; Joseph W. Atcheson, Pitts-
burgh; William H. Morgan, Scrant-
on; Henry Bards, Wilkensburg;
and for re-organizing the Board of
Managers and transacting such
other business as may properly come
before the Society.

Attest:
JAS. S. RIDDER, Secretary.
FRANCIS M. HOLLIDAY, President.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 16, 1923.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1632 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publications, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
STATION M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE ATLANTA CONVENTION.

As the JOURNAL has done, ever since the organization of the National Association, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the year 1880, it will this year present promptly a full report of the proceedings of the Fourteenth Convention, now in full session in the City of Atlanta, Georgia.

Nothing of importance will be omitted, so that the readers of this paper will have the first news of what has transpired.

We hope the officials elected will be wisely chosen, always with the thought dominant that the welfare of all the deaf is of far greater importance than the vanity and ambition of particular individuals. They should be chosen for fitness, integrity, and capacity, in order that the good of the masses of the deaf population may be forwarded and conserved.

The Association's Executive Committee must be made up of capable, trustworthy men, as it is already too small to have a comprehensive understanding of the obstacles and needs of the vast area which is represented on its membership roll. In fact, every State in the Union should be represented on the Executive Committee, and thus remove the stigma of "taxation without representation."

This issue of the JOURNAL will be in the hands of at least some of the members by Thursday morning, and the elections are scheduled for Friday afternoon.

Therefore, it is possible that a few of those present will heed the JOURNAL's suggestion for a larger Executive Committee—one member from every State not represented on the Board of Officers, such members to be appointed by the president of the Association.

The deaf who pay membership fees should be more closely interested in the affairs of the Association between conventions.

MARYLAND

ANNUAL PICNIC AND EXCURSION OF THE PICNIC ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF OF MARYLAND.

The Annual Picnic and Excursion of the Picnic Association of the Deaf of Maryland was held on Wednesday and Thursday, August 2d and 3d, 1923. More than one hundred and eighty-five of the Deaf, their parents, children, cousins and aunts, attended the Picnic in Grove No. 10, Druid Hill Park, on the first day, while the number that boarded the palatial, if ancient, steamer Louise, for a trip across the Chesapeake Bay to Tolchester Beach for an all day romp was scarcely less in size. In comparison to similar events in previous years, it was quite as successful and enjoyable, and, indeed, in respect to the weather, to cheerfulness, to whole-souled comradeship, etc., it was even more enjoyable than any of the Annual Picnics and Excursions that had been held under the auspices of the Association since its re-organization in the momentous year 1819.

The Executive Committee of the Association, which was elected last summer, had charge of the events of both days and worked faithfully to provide enjoyment for all. This Committee consisted of Mr. Byrd Brushwood, of Aberdeen, Md., Chairman; Mr. Harry Baynes, of Baltimore, Md., Secretary; Mr. Ray Kauffman, of Roland Park, Md., Treasurer; Mrs. Harry T. Reamy, Miss Helen Moss, Mr. G. M. Leitner, Arrangement Committee; and Rev. O. J. Whildin, Mr. Orlando Price and Mr. W. G. Stone, Trustees.

A few yards from the convenient and artistically built Pagoda, designated as Grove No. 10, in Druid Hill Park, there is a beautiful stretch of velvety green, and there on the Committee staged game after game in rapid succession. The number of participants was large and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The great majority of prizes offered were not, as is usually the case at picnics, gaudy baubles, or water-melons, half a peck of green apples, a bunch of unripe bananas or a dozen lemons, which you felt obliged to stick into the watery mouths of a hundred gaping children. They were, on the contrary, genuine, new, crisp dollar bills! It would never do to stick dollar bills into the watery mouths of gaping children, for not even their leather-lined tummies would be able to stand it, and so you felt you could walk off with your head erect and your conscience clear, a victor in the truth as well as in name.

The games played were as follows:

Children's Game—Toy Race. Each child was allowed to retain the toy he used in the race, as a prize.

Children's Game—Peanut Race. Each child was allowed to eat the bag of peanuts he used in the race, as a prize.

100 yards dash—Boys 1st prize, Harry Baynes; 2d prize, Rozelle McCall and Abe Stern (draw).

50 yards dash—Girls. 1st prize, Virginia Brushwood; 2d prize, Sophia Schmuft.

25 yards Hop—Girls. 1st prize, Sophia Schmuft; 2d prize, Virginia Brushwood.

Banana Race—Boys and Girls paired. 1st prize, Nellie Swope and Abe Stern; 2d prize, Margaret Roberts and Jay Shunk.

Tug of War—Ten Girls vs. Five Boys. Won twice by the Girls.

Egg Race—Girls. 1st prize, Miss Christie Neuschaefer; Miss Louisa Hoge.

Ball Throwing Contest—Girls. 1st prize, Miss Margaret Roberts; 2d prize, Miss Helen Skinner.

Sack Race—Boys. 1st prize, Abe Stern; 2d prize, Vincent Demarco.

Tug of War—Married men vs. Single men. A draw, after two trials, each group winning one trial.

Following the game came lunch time for those who brought hampers, baskets and boxes of food. Many of those, who were so fortunate as to bring lunches, shared their bounty with those who came empty. And, as if to share in this general munificence, the committee distributed several gallons of delicious ice-cream. Unfortunately, by a miscalculation as to how many bricks there were in a gallon, how many persons could eat a brick, and lastly, how anxious ones would congregate about a freezer in clear and in rainy weather respectively, the quantity of the delicious cream ran short. This deficit, however, was made up by the sacrifice of their share by the committee members and several of the leading spirits. By the generous action, they avoided whatever disappointment might have been felt by the younger people.

After the eats, Chairman Brushwood, perching himself perilously on the edge of an iron railing, called the association to order. He opened the proceedings with a report of his own work as leader of the association, and added several suggestions with a view to better attendance, etc. His report was accepted with a vote of approval. Treasurer

Kauffman reported a balance of \$74.75 in Bank, the receipt of over \$33.15 during the past year, and money coming in so rapidly as to encourage him in the hope that the expenses of the present meeting would be fully met without the necessity of drawing upon the reserve funds. He urged every person present to contribute generously to the finances of the association. His report was accepted with an expression of enthusiastic approval.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

Chairman, Mr. Leonard B. Brushwood; Secretary, Mr. Rozelle McCall; Treasurer, Mr. Ray Kauffman; Trustees, Rev. O. J. Whildin, Mr. W. G. Stone, Mr. Orlando Price.

Committee on Arrangements, Mrs. H. T. Reamy, Mrs. Uriah Shockley, Mr. Abe Stern, Mr. Vincent Demarco, Mr. Harry Benson

*Re-elected.

Remarks by Rev. O. J. Whildin, Mr. Harry Baynes, Mr. H. G. Benson, Mr. H. T. Reamy, Mr. W. G. Stone, Mr. Ray Kauffman, Mr. Orlando Price and others, were made. Mr. Benson brought the greetings of Superintendent Bjorlee to the assembled picnicers. He was sorry he had to leave for a visit to his mother in Iowa before the association met, but promised to be with them in August, 1924. Mr. Benson sprung a surprise upon some, though not upon all, as the subject he brought up had been discussed informally by a good many present. He suggested that the traditional first Wednesday and Thursday in August for the Annual Picnic and Excursion, be changed to the first Friday and Saturday in August, in order to permit a larger number of country cousins to attend the picnics and excursions and also to spend the Sundays following in the city. After several persons had spoken in favor of the change it was adopted, on motion of Mr. Harry Baynes, seconded by Rev. O. J. Whildin.

The Picnic was shortly afterwards at an end, a purple sunset crowning the events which had made a merry day for all.

THE EXCURSION.

Thursday morning, 8:45 o'clock, found several scores of the picnicers of the day before gathered in little groups on the three decks of the Steamer Louise, moored at Pier 16, Pratt Street Wharf. It was a cool, pleasant, ride down the Patapsco River and out over the blue expanse of the historic Chesapeake Bay. At 11:30 A.M., Tolchester Beach was reached, and as soon as the boat was made fast and the gang plank lowered there was a wild scramble for the sheltering booths on the Excursion Grounds. Luck, as usual, was with our fleet-footed and athletic young men, several of whom were members of the Maryland School and Gallaudet College Baseball and Football Teams, for they succeeded in preempting a row of booths along the water-front, thus closely grouping nearly all the members of the Association in one compact body. The rest of the day was spent in consuming the baskets of eatables brought along, in fishing, in crabbing, in swimming, in playing baseball, in boating, in cameraing, etc. One of the most interesting pictures taken represented Mr. Jonas Carpenter as a Sheikh, closely surrounded by twenty of the prettiest deaf girls on the beach. Mr. Roland Stultz also made good use of his camera, snapping many beautiful scenes and odd situations. The return voyage was begun at 7 P.M. At 9:40 P.M., Baltimore was reached and the Nineteenth Annual Picnic and Excursion of the Deaf of Maryland passed into history.

NEWS ITEMS.

It would take up too much time and space to name all those who were present at the Picnic and Excursion, but it would be ungracious not to mention the names of those of our country cousins who came from a distance. They were Jonas Carpenter and Carroll Freeman, of Newport News, Va.; William Bryan, of Hampton, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Tschiffely, of Sarasota, Fla.; Lester Morgan, of Cambridge, Md.; John and Theodore Fowble, of Greenmount, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. David Blair, of Steelton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Byrd Brushwood and three children, of Aberdeen, Md.; Harry Palmer, of Perryville, Md.; Harry G. Ewing and Joseph Smith, of Havre de Grace, Md.; James O. Amoss, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. John Ayres, of White Hall, Md.; Mrs. George Faupel, Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Benson, of Frederick, Md.; Mr. Robert Quinn, of Romney, W. Va.; Miss Nellie Swope, of Waynesboro, Pa.; Miss Genevieve Thrasher, of Cumberland, Md.; Allan and Marion Cramer, of Frederick, Md.; Holton Stiltz, of White Hall, Md.; Miss Helen Skinner, of Church Hill, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Trundle, of Centerville, Md.; Miss Berta Shockley, of Frederick, Md.; Miss Alice and Mr. Herman Matthews, of Cambridge, Md.; and Miss Florence Mason, of Crisfield, Md.; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Tschiffely, formerly of Rockville, Md., but for several years past a resident of Sarasota, Fla., where he has charge of a large stable of mules on an Orange Grove, came all the way from Sarasota nursing a broken wrist. The

day before he and his wife were scheduled to leave Sarasota for Baltimore, he fell off a truck loaded with bales of hay and fractured three bones in his wrist. Nothing daunted, he had the bones set and came on carrying his arm in a sling. On the boat returning from the Beach a big rowdy brushed against the injured arm, causing Mr. Tschiffely such excruciating pain that he immediately whirled upon his tormentor and offered to fight. It was such doughty Americans, as thus exemplified, who won the World War.

Theodore and John Fowble, Mr. and Mrs. Brushwood, and Rev. and Mrs. Whildin came to the Picnic in their automobiles. There is a story current that the strong-hearted Automobile Commissioner of Maryland is showing signs of relenting, and may shortly give permission to the Deaf of Maryland to operate their own automobiles. In passing, attention should be called to the fact that the only difference between the automobile situation, as it affects the Deaf in Maryland, Pennsylvania, the District of Columbia and other states, is contained in the fact that Maryland possesses a Commissioner who stubbornly refuses to grant operating privileges to those who cannot hear. There is no law in Maryland debaring the Deaf from operating automobiles. The decision is left to the personal judgment of the Commissioner. Such wide latitude is contained in the laws of other States, and woe to the Deaf of those States when in the mutations of time they find coming into office a Commissioner possessed of such mulish qualities as are possessed by our Commissioner of Vehicles, the Hon. Austin Bangham, of Frederick, Md. It is said that Commissioner Bangham's attitude is the result of the reckless use of his automobile by a deaf-mute who took temporary residence in Baltimore during the war. This deaf man secured his license to operate through Federal influence and was arrested a number of times for reckless driving and his right finally taken from him. Thus the Deaf of Maryland are made to suffer by the foolish conduct of an outsider.

We missed Mr. Charles Reed, of Baltimore, from the Picnic and Excursion. Inquiry developed the sad news that he had died a few days previously, on July 28th, 1923, and buried in Cedar Cemetery, Brooklyn, Md., on July 30th. Mr. Reed was of a quiet, self-effacing nature. He and his wife, who was Miss Agnes McKee and, who survives him, were among the early pupils of the Maryland School, entering shortly after its establishment in 1868. For several years past, they have made their home in a small apartment in the rear of a Savings Bank on Fort Avenue, in the southern part of the city.

The Episcopal Mission, of Baltimore, has arranged for an all-day Picnic at Bay Shore Park on Saturday, August 18th. The following day, Sunday, August 19th, being the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, a national commemoration day of Deaf-Mute Missions, a service will be held in Grace and St. Peter's Church at 3:15 P.M. Rev. Mr. Whildin, the Pastor of the Mission, will preach on the Gospel for the day, which relates the story of the healing of the deaf and dumb young man by the Saviour. All the deaf are welcome to this service.

Before the summer departs, there will be several more picnics, excursions, outings, hikes, etc., pulled off by the various missions, clubs and fraternities of the Deaf of Baltimore. Mr. Jonas Carpenter, of the Virginia School for the Colored Deaf and Blind, Newport News, Va., was seen to remark that his annual visits to Baltimore during the summer were among the most pleasant incidents of his life. It seemed to him, he said, that the Deaf of Maryland cared little for gatherings, in the summer at least, in which Roberts' Rules of Order made them sit up and take notice. To them life was too short for the arbitrary rule of man. They preferred the joyful beckonings of nature to "eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

The untimely death of the beloved President Harding, which occurred on the Day of our Annual Excursion to Tolchester Beach, caused a feeling of distinct loss to many of the Deaf. He had a sister engaged in the work of educating the Blind, and, as was demonstrated upon the occasion of his visit to the Florida State School for the Deaf and Blind, at St. Augustine, Fla., some months ago, his own personal interest in and appreciation of the work that is being done in educating the Deaf and the Blind was thorough and genuine. It is not only pleasurable, but also profitable from a moral standpoint, to count such men among the friends of the Deaf. President Harding's successor, President Coolidge, is likewise no stranger to the work. Mr. Frederick Murphy, a deaf man, of Baltimore, claims that President Coolidge was a playmate of his when both were in their teens. It was Calvin Coolidge's mother, he says, who induced his parents to send him to the Horace Mann School in Boston and, later on, to the Clarke School at Northampton, Mass. The Coolidge family, Mr. Murphy asserts, has been interested in the Education of the Deaf for many years. It is a tradition in the family that a tithe of

the family income must go towards the support of the Northampton School. Mr. Murphy takes it as quite a natural outcome that Calvin Coolidge should have fallen in love and married Miss Grace Goodhue, a teacher in the Northampton School. He also thinks that his close acquaintance with the speech of the orally taught Deaf made him cautious and silent, and that he would, on the other hand, now be more unrestrained and talkative had he lived amid the formative influences of a combined school.

SEATTLE

While the Convention at Spokane was the main event in the deaf world of the State during the past month, those who remained at home had some doings, too. On July 4th there was the annual picnic, this year held at Alki Beach, which was well attended and enjoyed. A number went over to Tacoma, and helped them celebrate the day at Spauway. Indeed, picnics are the order of the day in Seattle this summer. Every other Thursday the deaf ladies, who are at leisure bring their kiddies and meet in one or other of the parks, selecting one with swimming facilities generally. On Sunday, too, there is an exodus from town. There have been several fishing parties out beyond Renton, and a number of plain picnics. The one on July 29th was under the auspices of the boys' Potlatch Club. It was held at Laurelhurst, and lemonade, hot dogs, and ice-cream were retailed. On August 5th the picnic was at Lincoln Beach. Your reporters do not as a rule attend Sunday picnics, but cannot much blame those who find that the only day on which they can go out with their families. On Thursday, August 9th, there is to be another gathering at Madrona Park.

The eleven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ecker, of Tacoma, died quite suddenly, July 13th. A fall on the ice last winter resulted in a growth on the spine, which was discovered too late to save the little sufferer. A large number of deaf attended the funeral, and there were many flowers. It is proverbial that deaf conventions result in matches among the eligible young people attending them. There is a promise of two following the Spokane gathering. Names are not yet ready to announce.

In Seattle there is a pleasant habit among the deaf of remembering birthdays. At the P. S. A. D. Social, held at Mrs. J. E. Gustin's home July 28th, Mr. Bert Haire and Miss Bertha Stowe were thus remembered by their friends, the former getting a handsome seal ring, and the latter one in the new butler wing jewelry, with a blue setting. Both gifts, though small in compass, were done up as very large packages, and the company watched the process of unwrapping, with much enjoyment. Miss Stowe in particular had to work pretty hard, and discovered a variety of small articles—such as a cook book, a can of baking powder, and a bottle of extract, before she finally reached the real gift.

News came some time ago from the Kalms in California that a daughter was born to them July 6th. Congratulations. The young couple moved from Seattle in April last.

A miscellaneous shower, for Miss Gladys Hess, was held at the home of her parents, August 4th. Bertha Seipp had charge of the occasion, and the guests had a very good time. They brought a number of pretty and useful things for Gladys to take with her to her new home. She is to be married on the 29th, to Mr. McRae, of Bellinzham. When she leaves us, Seattle will lose one of its most popular and attractive young girls.

The youngest daughter of John Adams had an operation on the appendix performed not long ago, and came through successfully. As we understand it, it was not a regular appendicitis case, but some malformation that was corrected. The operation was performed by Dr. Adams, John's younger brother, at the Renton Hospital. This Dr. Adams is the same who set Dr. Hanson's broken arm after the auto accident of a year ago, he being the nearest doctor to reach. He made a good job of it, and Dr. Hanson has the free use of his arm now for all practical purposes, and can even play golf again.

The oldest son of Hugo Holcombe will enter high school this fall, and this summer has a job as messenger boy in the Chamber of Commerce. This is quite a help to Hugo, who has found it a tough job to care for his three children, since their mother died quite a number of years ago.

Jack Sackville West, his charming wife, and their little son, were visitors in Seattle recently, coming from Spokane with Mr. and Mrs. John Frisby in their car. With them was Miss Cora Clinger, an old Texas School friend of Mrs. Sackville West.

Among other visitors were Miss Ellen Pearson and Miss Hattie Hall, the former a teacher last year at South Dakota, and the latter in-

structor in sewing at the same school.

Mr. Bert Sommerson, of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Rice and two children are now in town. They travelled from California in a car, and Mr. Rice stopped at Portland, because he was not well enough to keep on travelling. We understand that Mr. Sommerson has a wife in California. He has been showing our girls some good times, and we wonder if his wife is not lonesome.

Messrs. Christensen, Adams, Waugh and Haley, went on a fishing trip, a couple of weeks ago, with a hearing friend in the latter's car. They left on a Saturday, and went to Hyak, high up in the Cascades. They got up at 3 A.M., Sunday morning, to fish, excepting Mr. Christensen and Mr. Adams, who did not feel like exerting themselves so soon, after hunting around till 2 A.M. for a comfortable sleeping place. The fishermen caught a twenty fish among them, and while they were gone a forest ranger came up to the two men who had stayed with the car, and called their attention to the strict rules governing that region. It was the water shed from which the city of Seattle gets its supply, and no one was allowed to kindle a fire to prepare as much as a cup of coffee, to clean a fish, or to drop as much as a potato peel or a scrap of paper. The party was naturally somewhat discouraged at having to eat dry lunches, and returned home much earlier than first planned.

THE HANSONS.

August 7, 1923

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On August 8th, Miss May Stemple, who lived here for many years, passed away at her parents' home in East Stroudsburg, Pa., aged almost fifty-one years. She was educated at the Broad and Pine Streets School and at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., from which she graduated with the degree of B.A., about the year of 1898. Though she made her residence with Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens at Merchantville, N. J., all her activities were in Philadelphia, and she was looked upon as a Philadelphia girl. She made her living by sewing, and was continuously employed in making ladies' fine waists, earning good wages. Unfortunately, she was long a sufferer from asthma, but was able to continue at work until about a year ago, when tuberculosis developed. She then quit work and returned to her parents' home, hoping thereby to stay its progress. However, she grew steadily worse until the end came, as above noted. Her parents and two sisters survive her, one sister being deaf, like herself.

Miss Stemple was rather quiet in disposition, always attentive to her work, and one of the good things that may be said of her is that she tried to make herself useful in the local affairs of the deaf whenever possible. How good it would be if the same thing could be said of many others. She was a member of the N. A. D., the P. S. A. D., the Philadelphia Local Branch, the Clerc Literary Association, All Souls' Church for the Deaf, and supported other good causes of the deaf. She was Treasurer of the Clerc Literary Association at the time she quit here for her home. Her good work here will be missed. The deceased's funeral took place on Saturday afternoon, burial being in the cemetery of her home town. The Clerc Literary Association ordered a floral offering for her as a tribute of respect.

Did you see the program of the P. S. A. D. Convention in the JOURNAL last week? If not, look it over.

It seems important that we give some information here that may be of use to visitors to the city during the convention.

A short time ago, a fierce fire destroyed the train shed of the Broad Street Station of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Since then the railroad has been unable to run all its trains to Broad Street as before the fire. They expect to do so again after a while, but not until the old iron framework of the shed has been torn down and the tracks cleared and made safe. Workmen are now at this work of demolition, and all trains from Lancaster and the West have their stopping place at West Philadelphia Station, which is at 32d and Market Streets.

So, now, to avoid inconvenience and trouble, all visitors, who are coming to Philadelphia, should ask the conductor of their train if it will run to Broad Street or stop at West Philadelphia.

If the stop is at West Philadelphia, they can do either one of two things: First, remain on the platform of the station (not go out on the street) until an electric train or a local one comes that runs to Broad Street, board this train and continue on to Broad Street Station without additional charge. Second, those who get off at West Philadelphia, can take the trolley running east on Market Street to the central

part of the city, but do not take a car that is marked subway in front above the number or the route, unless you know where to get off. There are different trolleys from different directions running on Market Street both East and West, some marked subway, others not.

If it is desired to go directly to Mt. Airy by trolley from the West Philadelphia Station, buy an exchange ticket for ten cents on a car running East on Market Street, as explained above, and get off at Eleventh and Market Streets. There take a car running North with the sign "Chestnut Hill—23" and ride to the Mt. Airy School. Route 23 is the only one that runs past the Mt. Airy School.

You can take an electric train Broad Street Station to Allen Lane, but the cost is more than three times as much as by trolley.

When using the trolley, better buy a strip of four tickets for a quarter, which makes each ticket cost only 6 1/4 cents. Without a ticket, you pay seven cents in cash. When you need an exchange ticket, you can offer a ticket and three cents in cash, or pay ten cents without a ticket.

The tower of the City Hall can easily be seen from the street at West Philadelphia Station and shows the direction to take to go East on Market Street.

The Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, of Syracuse, N. Y., dropped in town unexpectedly, on Sunday, August 5th, coming from New York City, where he had supplied for Rev. Mr. Kent at St. Ann's Church in the morning. He appeared at All Souls' Church in the evening and assisted at the Communion Service. The Rev. Mr. Ogle, Assistant Minister at Old Christ Church, preached the sermon orally at this service. Mr. John Lipsert interpreting. On the following Wednesday, Rev. Mr. Merrill left for Wildwood, N. J., to visit Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer for a few days.

Miss Sarah R. Briggs, who is best known to the graduates of the old Broad and Pine Streets School, where she served first as assistant matron and then as matron for a long time, died on July 1st last at the age of eighty-four years. She had lived in retirement close to the Mt. Airy School for twenty years or so, and visited the Institution frequently. Her remains were buried in New Jersey, from which State she came.

When "Rex" comes to the Convention, he will find Philadelphia so changed that he will feel something wrong with his eyes.

Recently Washington Houston piloted Donald McLean up to Doylestown, to visit the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, and the latter was deeply interested in what he saw there. Mr. McLean was recently naturalized as a citizen of the United States, having passed the final examination.

Miss Kate H. Moyer, in company with her hearing sister, enjoyed trips to Quakerhome, Swan Creek, Ocean Gate and Seaside Park recently.

Messrs. Kasimir D. Kieronski, Charles Bloomer, Henry A. Miller and William Hemphill, have been camping at Pleasant Hill Park since May 6th last, and expect to continue until the end of September.

The last meeting of Philadelphia Division No. 30, on August 3d, was an unusually short one, adjourning as early as possible out of respect to the memory of President Harding, who died on the previous day.

Mr. Koenig and her children went to New York Saturday afternoon, August 4th, in the pouring rain, in their Baby Lincoln. On Sunday they went along the beautiful Hudson River to Bear Mountain and West Point. Then the two daughters had the thrill of coming home alone. They made the trip in five hours. Mrs. Koenig is some sport. She had the pleasure of dining at the McAlpin Roof Garden. Some class!

Wm. Harris, Jr., Begins Season 11 with Comedy Success.

Immediate success seems to have met the first production of Wm. Harris Jr., according to the reviews of "In Love With Love," a comedy which had its premiere at the Ritz Theatre in New York the week of Aug. 6. The night was one of the hottest of the year, yet the play overcame this handicap. Every season there is some unusual feature attending production that takes the occasion out of the rut of routine of the hundred and more plays brought to Broadway. In this case, it was the author. "In Love With Love" is the work of Vincent Lawrence, a young playwright who has been knocking at the gates for several years. Two seasons ago he had saw a moderate success with a play "The Ghost Between." Two weeks ago saw a production of one of his plays; then the Harris opens this week and in one month more another to be done by another manager. As Lawrence has been writing and hoping for five years, a moral might be drawn from his story for all those who long for success through the Broadway door.

Blessed are the on-time folks for they will be on the inside when the gate is closed.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

K. OF D. PICNIC.

New York Council, No. 2, Knights and Ladies of Deaf-Epees, held its Annual Picnic and Games at Ulmer Park on Saturday, August 11th.

The weather was very fine for such an affair, but less than four hundred were in attendance.

The baseball game went the full nine innings and was closely contested from start to finish. At the close of the sixth inning, the score was tied—9 to 9. Again in the seventh inning, there was a tie of 11 to 11. The New Jersey team forged ahead in the eighth inning, making the score of 11 to 14. The Oakland team got a goose egg in the ninth, so the game ended in favor of New Jersey, 14 runs, to 11 runs for Oakland. The batteries of both teams were strong, and the general play was of a high class. The umpires gave satisfaction, and the New Jersey team adds to its collection a silver cup a foot high.

The track games began at once and were managed by William F. Daley.

John P. Haff was Starter, and the Judges were: Edwin A. Hodgson, Peter F. Redington and T. Flynn.

In the 100-yards dash, Christopher Bradley was first, his brother, E. Bradley coming in second, just a stride behind.

There were four starters in the three-mile race—Cairano, Coggiano, Dornizis and Behrens. The course was four laps to the mile, so twelve laps completed the run. Behrens quit in the fifth lap. Coggiano led up to the last lap, when Cairano sprinted ahead and won the race.

The 50 yards dash for young ladies was won by Miss Molly Mulaney, beating Miss Louise Richardella by a foot.

The race of 50-yards for little girls was won by Elizabeth Brewer, with Frances Duerr second.

Christopher Bradley won the 220-yards run handily, F. Delamara being second.

In the baseball throw for distance, Miss Sweeney won by a few inches, Miss Louise Richardella getting second place.

The prizes were given in the big covered dancing pavilion immediately after the games.

From then till nearly midnight, the festivities were kept up without abatement, the big floor space being filled with devotees of the Terpsichorean art.

All in all it was a merry and enjoyable picnic, with good order and courteous management throughout.

Some of the big guns of the Council were absent, not having returned from the K. of D. Convention in Pittsburgh.

The officers of Council, No. 2, K. of D. for the current year are: John P. Haff, Grand Knight; Joseph Schmidt, Deputy Grand Knight; Wm. F. Daly, Secretary; Joseph L. Call, Treasurer; Mrs. John M. Donnell, Lecturer; Miss Rose Quinn, Guide; Lester W. Higgins, Sentry; John A. Egan, S. J., Chaplain.

THE LUTHERAN PICNIC.

The outing of the Guild of the Lutheran Mission for the Deaf will be held on Saturday, August 18th. But the place has been changed. The deaf will gather on picnic grounds, No. 2, of Forest Park, on Woodhaven and Myrtle Avenues.

How to reach the picnic ground? Take Richmond Hill car from Wyckoff Avenue Station, Ridgewood, to Woodhaven and Myrtle Avenues, and walk a short distance to the picnic grounds. Or take the Jamaica Avenue Elevated to Woodhaven Blvd. and then take the bus to Woodhaven and Myrtle Avenues.

This change has become necessary and we beg our patrons to tell this to their deaf friends.

XAVIER ALLIED NOTES.

A new year of activity in behalf of the Catholic deaf was inaugurated by the Xavier College Alumni Chapel, August 5th, otherwise Ephphatha Sunday. The observance originated with the late Rev. Jesuit, Father McCarthy. Some time later, through the mediation of Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, Pius X. was pleased to designate the day as the patronal feast of the deaf.

Mass and general communion, with Rev. Father John A. Egan, celebrant, brought together near to a hundred members and friends. Following the Gospel, the celebrant surprised all present with the ease and grace of his sign sermon. Calling attention to the loss of President Harding, he asked all to say a prayer for the departed, and pray, too, for the wise and successful administration of the nation by President Coolidge. Benediction concluded the services.

After breakfasting, a bus load of happy Ephphethans, with Father Egan, President Fives, Sylvester Fegarty, "Pop" Loneragan, and other notables up front, set sail for the afternoon's pleasures at Steeplechase. Syl. Fegarty, with his mind on the Nad Conclave in Atlanta, representing the X. E. S., met with the first mishap in the Tilyon House of Mirth. While wrapt on a "Hold your glasses" sign, Syl's mackinaw took a sea-plane jaunt around the corner, followed a moment later by the Panama lid of Paul Murtaugh, who was supposed to be wise to the ins and outs of Steeplechase.

The party was increased by others who came to Coney straight from home. All enjoyed the amusements to the full, winding up the afternoon by taking in Luna in the evening, from where their car was in waiting to whisk them off at divers points to the land of dreams on a day well begun and happily ended.

CLARK D. M. A. A.

Nineteen Beach Fifty-third Street, famous for the past fifteen years as the summer abode of the Clark Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Association, once more bloomed in all its glory and array on Sunday, August 5th.

With the members, wives, sweethearts, kids, oh! there were dozens of them, and the visitors, broke all records for attendance on a single day, that the shanty shack was overcrowded to the extent of a can of sardines.

In the afternoon, with the tide going out, the spacy beach soon turned into a full-fledged diamond. Play ball! was soon heard here and there, and at a moment's notice two husky teams were battling for honors. Instead of bats, fists were used on a rubber ball. Passersby wondered with awe at the speed of the players as they scored run after run.

As the ninth inning approached, the game was at its highest, which ended in a victory for the battery of Enger and Kempf, while those of Friedwald and Gillen went down in defeat with a smile of content, as they started their wild dash south into the surf.

The officers for the ensuing year are Peter Kempf, President; Joseph Zeiss, Vice-President; Samuel Golowenichik, Treasurer; and Edward Baum, Secretary.

Next to these come a long list of thirty of New York's finest on roster.

At the N. A. D. Convention, the X. E. S. will have a delegated proxy in S. J. Fogarty. Sylvester carries with him the votes of a number of Ephphethans, and besides being President of the Xavier De l'Epee Society, is also an Honorary Frat. Miss Cecelia Travers, of Brooklyn, is another X. E. S. at Atlanta.

Mrs. James Loneragan met with a quite serious accident while at Rockway. Stumbling over an obstruction on the beach, she sustained two broken bones of her wrist. Surgical attention had to be sought, Mrs. Loneragan, a live wire in Ephpheta affairs, hopes to be herself again before Christmas arrives.

Miss Madeleine Berger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Berger, of New Rochelle, went with a party of friends by boat from Philadelphia to one of the Maine Ports on Saturday, August 11th. She will be away for two weeks.

Roger O. Scott, educated at the Virginia School, but now a printer in the Government Printing Office in Washington, D. C., has been in New York for a week. Last Wednesday he visited the Fanwood School.

Mr. Frederick Parker, of Fanwood, Class of 1913, has been in Southern Florida for over a year. He finds in Florida the necessity of the automobile. Last week he bought a Ford touring car.

A Special Service in sorrowful commemoration of the late President of the United States, Warren G. Harding, was held at St. Ann's Church, on Thursday evening, August 9th.

Fred W. Meinken, erstwhile of New York, but for several months residing in Chicago, was at the Frat Picnic in Milwaukee, Wis., on August 5th.

Services will begin on September's first Sunday afternoon, and on the third Sunday. Mass will be held at the Alumni Chapel at 9 A. M.

There will be specially important services at St. Ann's Church for deaf mutes on Sunday, August 19th, which is Ephphatha Sunday.

Mrs. W. L. Waters and a number of Connecticut St. Mary E. S. members were at Steeplechase with the X. E. S., August 5th.

Miss Ruby Abrams is stopping with her folks at Long Beach for the remainder of the summer.

Abe Jaffe, a 1923 graduate of Fanwood, took a trip up the Historic Hudson last week.

Cadet Herbert Carroll was operated on for ear trouble, at St. Luke's Hospital, on August 9th. The doctor he said he had infected both ears while swimming. He suffered terribly for several days, but is doing very at present at his home on Eighth Avenue.

Detroit Doings.

We were all shocked to learn of the untimely demise of our popular and beloved president, Warren G. Harding. We could not believe it when the papers spread out the reports about the sad happening, but when we got further facts, we could not help but accept them as true. We all are so sorry for the brave lady, Mrs. Harding. Our sympathy and condolence to her.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Maxwell, of Howell, spent two days, at the home of Peter Heller recently.

The writer wishes to correct his error in his last contribution, when he said Mr. Archie Burgess went to West Virginia to visit. He learned that he had been dead for about a year. He fell in some manner, sustaining a serious injury, from which he died. It happened in California. It should have been Mrs. Archie Burgess who is now visiting in West Virginia, and she will return to Detroit some time next month.

The D. A. D. will have an annual picnic at Sugar Island Park, Sunday, August 26th. Mr. John Walter, who is chairman, says there will be plenty of fun for all—if you will come. Keep this in your hat. Don't forget the date and place. Come everybody, and enjoy yourself for the day. Nuff sed.

Mr. John A. Opieka, formerly of Toledo, Ohio, better known as "the Deaf Sign Writer," is now employed by the Detroit Sign Co. He has been there since March. He may be found at the D. A. D. rooms any time.

Mr. Wm. Glaze leaves for Atlanta Sunday, the 12th, for the Convention, then to visit several cities in the state of Georgia, before going to Chattanooga to visit his folks and friends. He will be away for about a month.

Mr. Leo Ofsnitski spent two months on his brother's farm near Port Huron. He came back to the city to resume work at the Ford River Rouge plant.

Mr. Henry Furman is in the auto tire business in Dearborn with his nephew, Mr. John Hulca. It is known as the Whitey Tire Co. They are doing well in their new undertaking.

Mrs. Frank Allera is now visiting in Bay City. She has been away for about a month and will be back home by Sunday. Frank has been enjoying his batching.

Mr. F. Finnegan and C. Newman went to St. Louis to try their luck there, but Mr. Finnegan liked Detroit too well, so came back. Mr. Newman is still in St. Louis.

Mr. Chas. Hess, of Toledo, was here visiting for a few days.

Mr. James O'Neill was unfortunate in having his pockets picked about a month ago, at Belle Isle Park. The weather must have been too balmy for him, when he dozed off on a bench and somebody lifted his wallet containing eleven 50's. Whew! That will be a lesson for him, also for everybody for carrying a bank on himself.

Put such large amounts in a good sound bank.

Mr. John Burgess had his foot hurt at Ford River Rouge Plant last Saturday. He has to lay off for a while. He is limping around the D. A. D. club rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ulrich celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary Sunday, July 29th, by taking a boat trip to Wallaceburg, Ont. There was another couple accompanying, but the writer failed to get the names. They had a lovely trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Luchow, and Mr. and Mrs. F. Herring, secured a nice place near the Ten Mile Road. They will be domiciled soon. They had to relinquish their possession of the house on West Street in Royal Oak, when the house was sold, so the Mesdames went to Illinois to visit until their husbands looked around for the place to keep house.

Mr. and Mrs. Cadimir Sadofsky took Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leach out to Rockwood Beach out West Fort Street, in their Ford Sedan last Sunday. They found Mr. and Mrs. James Hull, Mrs. Eunice Stark, and her son, Mr. Leonard Stark and his family, there. The Starks and the Hulls drove there Saturday evening in their Maxwell. They all had an exceptionally good time.

Mr. Frank Brown took his family out in the country last Sunday. His rattle broke down, so he had to get Ivor Friday come in his Ford, to tow his crippled car to the repair shop.

Mr. Earl Swader secured a position as a top builder, at the Fisher Body plant, No. 14, some two weeks ago. He says he likes it immensely.

Mr. M. Osmonson is getting so anxious to hear about his proposed change of location. He is somewhat peeved over the delay, and he looks for a word from the Chicago Body Plant of the Ford Motor Co. for an opening.

Mr. Robert Jones was caught rehearsing, "Yes, we have no bananas," recently. Ask him whether it was Tenor or Bass.

It was rumored that the Ford Motor Co., was to close down for a

ten-day period for inventory, in order to give its huge force of employees their long-looked-for vacation. It was merely a rumor. The force is still working at full capacity. Only those who desire their leave, may secure same through their foremen. Several deaf mutes took and went where they pleased. The writer will get further information and write fully about it later on.

Mrs. Ivor Friday and her four little daughters departed for Abingdon, Ill., Thursday, for a stay of about two weeks. Mr. Ivor Friday will go down in his Ford, and take them to Chicago to visit the elder Fridays and their many friends and relatives, before returning home.

Mr. Robert Baird was called back to his old position as a door hanger at the Wilson Body plant. He reports that his cozy little home is going up fast, and he expects to occupy same in about two weeks.

Mr. Robey Burns, the popular physical director of the Illinois School, stopped in Detroit to visit his old friends before proceeding to Ann Arbor to take the coaches' course. He didn't stay more than two days, and went to Madison, Wis., to learn the science of athletic tutoring. We all hope he will master the technique, so that he could make the Illinois team champions for the years to come, so long as he is in charge there.

The ever-smiling Johnny Cordano, of St. Joseph, Mich., stopped in this city on a mission. After his mission had been completed, he took an advantage of his stay and visited his old friends. He is employed by the Auto Products Co., at St. Joseph, in some capacity. He is the "prond daddy" of a bouncing boy of eight months of age.

The writer was pleased to learn through the "JOURNAL" that the Illinois Alumni Association, at its recent convention in Jacksonville, adopted a splendid plan, whereby those desiring to enter Gallaudet College could realize their ambitions through the financial assistance of the "Gillette Memorial Fund." That is splendid. That is much better than cold marble or granite. It would soon deteriorate, and it would cost money to keep the statue or monument in good condition. The Gillette Memorial Fund will do greater good in promoting higher education to those desiring it. Wish every State Association would adopt such plan, but better still, it would be more desirable for the N. A. D. to adopt that plan. If it should be adopted, the Gallaudet College will have to have additions or extensions. The college authorities or the legislators in Washington should arrange for such emergency.

WILBUR I. WELLS, 397 Baldwin Av., Royal Oak, Mich.

SOUTH CALIFORNIA.

I am again in a chronic stage of financial vacuity. "I" represent a great many Los Angeles entities and nons. We all can sympathize with the Germans, Russians, Poles, etc., who lug their day wages in full sacks to buy a cent or a dime of food. The United States is called wealthy, owning most of the loose gold in the world, with each inhabitant credited with a few hundred (or thousands?) a penny or a dollar looks alike to me), but have you noticed my share anywhere? I don't show that I have anywhere in cash.

Theodore Schoenhoven is back at work. He has ability mental and physical to make his mark, and only indifference had made him what he has been. He has inventive genius and, were he to buckle down to mental toil, he could make money. Here is hoping he will really stick to the job.

Eugene Bermond, of Austin, Texas, has been enjoying California and leaves for the north and northwest soon. He is suspected of owning the standard oil.

And still they come. I have not seen jobs seeking men or women, but I have seen men crowding each other after one job that would take only one hour. The demand in Los Angeles is for fast, finished, all-around plasterers, brick-layers, painters, plumbers, decorators, carpenters. Apprentices, two-thirds, roughs, helpers, are not needed. Laborers lack work. I have worked but four and one half days since June 1st. I have to hustle days before a job is ready, and when I get to it, I am told a younger, huskier, more energetic man (hearing and speaking) has been employed.

Parish, of Wisconsin, who has been dish-washing in Los Angeles territory at \$2.50 or \$3.00 per shift of 8 to 12 hours, is earning \$7 and more per day in the vegetable season at San Francisco. The season lasts from August to June.

The Stevensons (father and son), of New Jersey, and Kansas, and Kentucky, are at Long Beach. The Longs are there, too.

Mrs. Long is the one sick member of the three families.

The Parks, of Santa Barbara, have come to Los Angeles to speed their son and his family eastward, and to call on the Stevensons and Longs at Long Beach. Not having been to the lemon ranch, since

April, I will enjoy the few minutes chat with the Parks.

Several Los Angeles deaf, after their harrowing experiences with starvation, foul air caused by autos and inability to get a room, are talking of homesteading in the east or north. They hope to earn money in the vegetable season to pay the fees and first year expenses. I am an optimist, and were wishes deeds, I would already be on the section in a soddie or a dug-out, with a few fowls, swine, cattle, sheep, goats, burros, and plenty of reading for company. After four months in Los Angeles, I vote for the great outdoors far away from the madding crowd.

Of all the fool things, a man can do, the worst is the administration of food to a sick person. A sick man needs no food but water—air, sunlight, sleep and water, with what exercise he may do, are the only medicines, he needs. Brisbane, the great editorial writer, is right in upholding the condemnation by European physicians of the announcement by American doctors in bulletins from the sick bed that the sick man "is taking nourishment." That was what killed the sick man.

Peter Wear has at last heard from his son, Carl. The boy is playing in an intermountain baseball league, but the main attraction is a maiden. Peter may go back to work in the lumber yard; but wants to go north to the plains grain harvest. Then again he may go back to Missouri on business.

Carl Skantz wants to get out in the great open outdoors with a Ford and a photo outfit, till he comes to a nice little location high up in the air, where he can be his own boss of time, labor, inclination. Plenty to read of the best minds of the world, a trout stream handy, a blue or silver fox farm for the money. Carl is a baker and works nights in a blind room. His muse is chained by sordid labor and blinded in a dungeon. He is a fresh air, water, no-meat and raw food enthusiast, and maneuvers each deaf into a corner, where he glories in explaining the benefit of his hobbies. When the cornered victim escapes, he finds he has lost his date and knows everything about food, sanitation, health, Bolshevism, Rubafyat, water, milk, salads, and everything under the sun. Carl is a good fellow and has the never give-up persistent spirit of the enthusiast. I know the value of fresh air, exercise, water, raw food, mental culture, but I do not go the end of the road. I am apt to turn into a by-lane and forget everything.

Samone, of Chicago, Ill., has begged himself a Ford. He claims to make over \$10 per day begging. One of the Mallman boys from Illinois is known as Dummy Weller, the boxer. Frank Broker, of Kokomo, Ind., is here, till his ticket limit compels him to go back. He likes to spiel about everything under the sun, and to delve into the mysteries of it. Noticing him reading the alluring literature with a free ride and free lunch ticket, of an oil salesman, I started to warn him of the fakes. But Frank assured me he knew all about it. Here's hoping he did not get fooled, for the cook sure wise ones always get bitten.

One more word: It may cost more to come to California in the winter, but then everything is green and growing. As it rarely rains from April to October, the landscape is burned up and seared drab, unless irrigated. You may not see the wonders of the mountains and valleys on account of the snow, but make up your mind to see them during one summer trip, and defer your visit to California till winter.

"Physical Culture" for August tells of a wonder cure by the use of hot water falling on the body from a height of ten or twelve feet for eight hours. There is a deaf man here whose uncle cured him of a loathsome physical disease in two months by the use of falling water as hot as could be borne. Doctors and medicines for eight months did not avail him any good. Try it. Rig up a sprinkler to operate with water as hot as can be borne, placed ten or twelve feet above the floor; lay down on the floor, and let the water play on you continuously from sole of foot to head in succession for eight hours or two hours a day for four days. Keep it up. It will throw off twenty-five years from you. The massaging of the water, the reaction of the body to the massage, the prodigious sweat produced all over the body, combine to effect a change physical and mental that no artificial stimulant taken inside can cause. It seems to be eliminatory, too. The Ponce de Leon fountain of youth seems to be water copiously drunk, with sweating, or the falling hot water system above. Just try it. And try to eat less. Keep a little hungry. Eat leafy vegetables, tomatoes, juicy fruits all the time, and drunk water by the barrel every day. Drink milk, eat whole-grain foods. Excuse a little. Think optimism. Smile. You have a right to one hundred years of life, and you can, if you live naturally. Live in the sun, and open air. Drink water by the barrel, eat just short

of your appetite, exercise, think and smile cheerfully. And take the falling hot water bath every week.

THEO. C. MULLER.

Los Angeles, Cal.
August 5, 1923.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

August 11, 1923—We are called upon to announce another deaf man, who fell a victim to a railroad engine. It is James H. Mahaffey, the younger of two brothers, who entered the school in 1864.

The accident occurred July 31st, 1923, at St. Mary's, Ohio. He was employed at the wheel and spoke factory of that place. Desiring a drink of water, he crossed the T. O. C. R. R. track to a hydrant near by, and having satisfied his thirst, started to return to his work.

The St. Mary's Evening News sent us by Mrs. H. Swank, states that fellow-workmen had warned Mahaffey before he started off that the morning train was due. As he was crossing, the train came along. The engineer seeing him presumed that the man would step off the track, and when the train was with in twenty feet of him he is said to have glanced at the approaching train, and seemed to make no effort to get off, and it is presumed that he became frightened and confused. The engineer was powerless then to stop the train and avoid the accident. Mahaffey was struck by the cowcatcher and hurled across an adjoining side track.

Trainmen and shopmen, when they reach the victim, found life extinct. The remains were placed on the train, and taken to St. Mary's passenger station, and from thence to the Yoder undertaking room in an ambulance. The body was not much disfigured, there were no broken bones, only a scalp wound, which must have affected the brain and caused death. We cannot recall when and to whom Mr. Mahaffey was married. His mother-in-law resides in Van Wert. Besides his wife, he leaves two daughters, Doris and Princess.

The family had been living in St. Mary's about six years, the property they lived in having been purchased by Mrs. Mahaffey.

Mr. Mahaffey was esteemed as a quiet and industrious citizen, and his sudden and unfortunate taking off is much regretted. He was born in Adams County, O. At the time of his death he was 71 years old.

Miss H. Swank and daughter, Flo, of St. Mary's, Ohio, left Sunday for Cincinnati for a month's visit with friends around there. They will also attend the Kentucky School Centennial celebration.

Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett, of Bellaire, and her married daughter Nello, with her little baby daughter, arrived in Columbus Tuesday and are stopping with Mrs. Corbett's brother on 20th Street, who is employed in the fire department of the city. Saturday her daughter, Catherine and child, will be here and all will return to Bellaire the first of next week.

Mrs. Emma Dakin of the Home for Deaf has been visiting her aunt in Bridgeport for some time. Recently some of the deaf of Bellaire, Wheeling and Bridgeport, spent an afternoon and evening with her and enjoyed a good time. Mrs. Dakin has probably returned to the Home.

The venerable Mr. Hubbard, former teacher of the Michigan School, lost his only child, a son, through an automobile accident, July 31st. Rev. Charles attended the funeral.

Rev. C. W. Charles has been enjoying the camping at Fenton, Michigan. A son of Superintendent Gilbert has visited them several times. Rev. Charles is expected in Columbus the latter part of this week. Whether he will attend the Atlanta convention is still a mooted question.

Before this sees itself in print the National convention will be under way. May it be as large as the Detroit one. So far we have been unable to learn who outside of Columbus will show up at Atlanta. Columbus will be represented by Miss Ethel Zell and the writer, Providence permitting. They start from Cincinnati this evening via Cincinnati Southern Railway.

Because of his illness, Mrs. August Beckert insisted that Mr. Beckert join her at her parents' home near Detroit, Michigan. He left Saturday last to obey the summons. His friends, and they are many, hope that the lake breezes will soon restore him to health.

Messrs. J. B. Showalter, Herbert Volp and S. Miller, attended the West Milton, Ohio, outing last Sunday. The attendance was fair, but all the same a good time was enjoyed by the crowd. It is an annual custom. We had expected a full report, but at the time of mailing this it had not arrived.

A. B. G.

CHICAGO.

"Parson" Purdum of the Pas, Looks, acts, and talks like Lincoln, yes; But Purdum finds infinite fun; In making brass impostors run; So the N. A. D. Will be wise to see, That he gets support from you and me.

That he gets the power and gets the "moon" To chase impostors from sun to sun.

The Impostor Bureau Chief, John E. Purdum, of Chicago, has favored this column with a peek at the advance copy of his report to the National Association of the Deaf Convention, to convene in Atlanta next week, August 13th.

Purdum is known as "the Miracle Man of the Pas and Cad." His three terms as president of the Pas-a-Pas Club (now in its 41st year, and the oldest independent organization for the deaf in America, have given it a sound, substantial business administration, when the outlook was dark. He organized and incorporated and "successfully presided" the Chicago branch of the National Association of the Deaf—the C. A. D. (known as the "Cad") after Chicago had for years been known as "dead timber" in Nad respects.

Where there were not over a dozen paid-up Nads in Chicago before Purdum got busy, there are now about 250 Nads.

This gives a slight inkling of the calibre of the man—a Howard without the Howard personality, but with a "go-getter" spirit and a shrewd business ability which compares favorably with even Howard's wonderful record.

And Purdum's territory is limited to Chicago alone. Rev. P. J. Hasenstab—who has the Northern part of the state; and A. J. Rodenberger, who has the Southern part—have turned in but few Nad memberships. Were Purdum given full sway, it is not impossible that he could wake the dormant spirit of other sections.

Since his appointment a little over a year ago, to fill out the unexpired term of Chief Anton Schroeder, resigned, Purdum has toiled like a beaver to eradicate Impostorism from this City. He has done infinitely better than I could have done, if I still retained the title of Grand Exalted Gazaboo of the Impostor Exterminators, and he merits the highest support. For the work is the most difficult of the entire N. A. D. propaganda.

Ted Hughes, athletic coach at Gallaudet college, finished the summer course for coaches at the University of Illinois and passed through this city on the 28th of July. Although Ted has lost his big, burly linesmen, and his star back in the person of Captain Jack Seipp—a former Sac boy—his summer will probably prove so well spent that his portages will make up in foxiness what they lack in beef.

Robey Burns—Instructor in athletics at our Illinois state school—who already spent two summer at the U of I coaches course—spent this summer at the University of Wisconsin, paying particular attention to basketball. Burns is now at Notre Dame (South Bend, Indiana) taking the special two-weeks course in football under that wizard, Rockne. He and a selected crew are supposed to start pre-season work at the Jacksonville school September 4th, although the school itself does not open until the 18th.

The Rev. George F. Flick is vacationing in Northern Minnesota with James L. Smith, head-teacher at the Faribault school and author of Smith's Dictionary of Idioms. "Jimmy" is probably better known as the father of "Sid" Smith, the movie star—who generally specializes as one of the Hallroom Boys.

Mrs. E. W. Craig and children are, as usual, summering at their cottage on Delavan Lake, Delavan, Wis. So are the whole Hasenstab, aside from Grace, who is attending to her duties in Jacksonville. Mrs. Flick has just returned from a sojourn as guest of the Craigs. Mrs. Linda Brimble is now guest of the Craigs. Mrs. E. Carlson and daughter are at the Lake also.

The Milwaukee picnic of August 5th attended by full fifty Chicago silents, the oralists hiring a special car, and the non-oralists going by boat, train or interurban. The boat fare one way, on Saturdays and Sundays, is \$1.35 one way, while the North Shore electric fare is \$2.56 each way. The round trip by boat on other days can be made for \$1.50—or \$1 for round trip if accompanied by three coupons cut from the Daily News.

Hart W. Whitmore of LaForte, Ind., is spending a week here before embarking with the Roberts party for Atlanta Saturday.

Joseph Schlagerter, Buffalo, spent two days here en route to Hollywood, Cal., where his wife has been residing for a year. He is a brother-in-law of James Auld.

Mrs. F. X. Zitnik, Akron—a former Chicagoan—writes she met 13 Chicago silents at the Knights del'Epee convention in Pittsburgh early in August.

Miss Grace Leyeck, a charming teacher of the Flint school, spent several days in Chicago before proceeding to the Pittsburgh convention. She teaches in Austin, Texas, next fall.

THE MESSAGERS.

The Tigers of The Sea

I wonder whether all men have the same personal hatred of sharks that I found among the sailors I encountered in Polynesia, asks Mr. H. M. Hyndman in The Record of an Adventurous Life. With some it amounts almost to mania.

The remembrance of one adventure with sharks quite destroyed the nerve of a very fine young Englishman named Boyd, who left the islands in consequence. He had come from the great island of Vanua Levu in an open boat with two other white men and three natives. It was blowing hard, and the sea was rough outside the reef. So Boyd, who was a very good seaman, sat up steering all night, while Cameron, the owner of the boat, and the others slept.

There was a full moon, and it was one of those beautiful fresh nights frequently enjoyed in the islands after the rainy season. Nothing could be more delightful, although as hour after hour passed Boyd became weary and sleepy. At last, after twelve hours of continuous watchfulness and care, the boat was in smooth water, inside the Ovalau Reef, where, protected by the mountains, it felt comparatively little wind. Boyd, therefore, gave up the tiller to Cameron, saying as his last words, "Gusts will come down the gullies; whatever you do, don't fasten the sheet," and then fell fast asleep.

He woke suddenly to find the boat careened over. Guessing what had occurred, he whipped out his jack-knife and cut the sheet that Cameron had foolishly cleated. It was too late. The boat sank, and all began to swim for their lives. The three natives soon forged ahead, Boyd, who was an excellent swimmer for a white man, was in advance of his two careless friends. As he swam on he heard a shriek behind him. One of them had been taken down by shark. On he went, striking out, if possible, more vigorously than before. Then he heard a second shriek of pain and horror from behind, and knew that the other of his friends had gone to the voracious creatures.

He was now swimming alone, for the natives were a long way off by this time, and every ripple he heard in the water, every swish of the wind that went by, he thought was the rush of a shark's fin through the waves, or the sound of the creature turning over to grip him. A whole mile of this almost unbearable anxiety did he undergo until finally, worn out with exertion and mental strain, he had just strength enough to drag himself to the shallow water, whence the natives quickly pulled him out. His nerves were so shaken that he could not endure sailing again in an open boat, and he speedily left for New Zealand.

A still more exciting shark incident that occurred about the same time affords remarkable proof of the loyalty and discipline of the natives toward their chief. Tui Levuka, the chief of the island of Ovalau, was out in a big double canoe with a crew of forty-five men, when a sudden storm came on and capsized them in waters that were known to be infested with sharks. Immediately the natives made a circle round their chief, joining hands and keeping themselves afloat with their legs while he swam about inside the ring so formed quite comfortably.

A shriek and a groan, and down went one native. The two next to him joined their hands again over the empty place. Another was taken in the same way, and again the circle was completed as if none were missing. A third disappeared, and once more silently, and as it were automatically, the narrowing circle was reconstituted with Tui Levuka still safe in the midst. "Another for Hector" was never replied to and acted upon under more gruesome circumstances. The survivors could hear the swirl of the water as successive comrades disappeared and could see the blood of the victims washing up round the circle as the sharks devoured them.

Finally, after the slaughter had been going on for a long time, native canoes came up and took Tui Levuka and his much reduced band of followers on board. Only twenty-seven out of the original number of forty-five remained. The whole occurrence made no particular impression on the Fijians, nor were the survivors thought to have done anything unusual.

A Priest Who Silenced German Guns.

It was a distinguished French Catholic priest who perfected the delicate phonetic instruments which located the batteries of the enemy during the war and even revealed the caliber of each gun. After a lifetime spent mainly in the study of phonetics, the Abbé Jean Rousselot, now in his seventy-fifth year, is rewarded by the chair of Experimental Phonetics in the College of France. L'Opinion (Paris) tells how the venerable scientist first began the study of sound.

"It was through his study of voice production and his analysis of the motions and changes of form of the lips, mouth, larynx, and nostrils that he was able so to analyze speech into its elements that he could teach words and sentences to children and adults whose deafness

had prevented their enunciating vowels or consonants. It was his study of sounds by means of delicate instruments that gave Abbé Rousselot the power during the war to locate the batteries of the enemy. As early as the summer of 1915 he was stationed at Fontainebleau taking records on tambours or revolving drums of all the wild confusion of sounds which reigned there, and then from the study of these tracings, each representing a given sound, calculating the intensity, the pitch, and the timber of the latter. Possessed of these data he was able to determine by means of carefully worked out tables, not only the exact position but the caliber of every gun in the German batteries.

There seems something almost miraculous, indeed, in the precision with which he was able to distinguish such sounds coming from various distances as that of the explosion of the charge or the sound wave coming from the mouth of the gun, the whine of the projectile in the air, and the noise of the shell's explosion—and this amidst a myriad of other noises. For days on end he camped in the forest of Fontainebleau devoting his time, his strength, and his skill to France in this manner, while from October, 1917, to November, 1918, he was occupied in making experiments on French submarines and in teaching their crew to detect their hidden German foes."

Now the Abbé sits in laboratory of the College of France, the most completely equipped in Europe, where he has conducted experiments for almost a quarter of a century. "He made deaf-mutes speak and cannot be silent," it is said of him in France. A number of devices for studying and recording sound have been invented and perfected by him, including an apparatus for registering words.—The Literary Digest.

The Lime In Our Food.

The average adult requires about one gram, or fifteen grains of lime a day. Otherwise his bones and teeth will suffer.

This amount of lime is contained in twenty ounces of milk. Right here we see the immense importance of milk in the diet.

Other foods containing lime are nuts, turnip tops, spinach, lettuce, cabbage, cottage cheese, bran, and the yolk of eggs.

Foods almost wholly lacking in lime are fine flour bread, potatoes, most of the fruits, new process corn meal, polished rice, rice flakes, corn flakes, cream of wheat, hominy, farina and corn starch. But the fact that most of these foods are eaten with milk is fortunate, since it makes good their deficiency in lime. Of course, apart from this those men who possess great nutritive value and should be eaten by everyone, provided this deficiency is made up by the use of milk and other substances rich in lime.

So much for adults. Children on the other hand, require two or three times as much lime as adults in order to grow. Even a two-year old baby needs as much lime as an adult, while a child seventy-five pounds in weight requires three times as much. Growth and bone production depend essentially upon lime.

On this account children should be given much milk, oatmeal, and whole wheat products. Cane sugar, and glucose or corn syrup, are not so good for children as molasses, maple sugar and malt syrup, as the former are wholly lacking in lime and the latter are rich in lime.

Dates, figs and raisins will satisfy the craving of children for sweets, and are rich in both lime and iron.

The foods which have been mentioned as rich in lime are also rich in vitamins.—Exchange.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

Rev. T. H. Acheson, Pastor
Mrs. Keith, Interpreter for the deaf.

Sabbath School—10 A.M.

Sermon—11 A.M.

Prayer meeting on first Wednesday evening of each month at 7:45 P.M.

Everybody Welcome

First Congregational Church

Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Union deaf-mute service, 3 P.M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Residence: 811 N. Belmont Avenue. Open to all denominations. Visiting mutes are welcome.

NOTICE

The forty-third Annual Convention of the Maine Mission for the Deaf will be held in Augusta, Maine, September 1, 2, 3, 1923. All welcome. For further particulars write to Mr. Will O. Kimball, Secretary, 20 Gilman Street, Portland, Me., or to Albert L. Carlisle, President, 27 Forest Avenue, Bangor, Me.

Sixth Reunion of the Alumni Association of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf.

AND
Thirty-Seventh Meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf

August 30th to September 3d, 1923, in Wissinoming Hall Chapel, Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mt. Airy, Phila.

TENTATIVE PROGRAM
Thursday Evening, August 30th, 8 P.M. (Joint Meeting)

Mr. D. Ellis Lit. Presiding.
Address of Welcome—Dr. A. L. E. Crouter. Response for Both Associations—Mr. James F. Brady.

Address—Mr. L. May Stead.
Address by the President of the Alumni Association—Mr. D. Ellis Lit.
Address by the President of P. S. A. D.—Mr. F. M. Holliday.
Oration—(to be announced later.)
Appointment of Committees on Resolutions by the President of both Associations.

Friday Morning, August 31st, Business Meeting of the Alumni Association, 9 to 11:30 A.M.

Invocation—Rev. Warren M. Smaltz.
Reading of the Minutes.
Report of the Treasurer.
Report of Committee on Resolutions.
Reports of Standing Committees.
Unfinished Business.
New Business.
Appointment of Committees.
Election.
Adjournment.

Friday Afternoon, August 31st, 2:30 to 6 P.M., Business Meeting of the P. S. A. D.

Invocation—Rev. Franklin C. Snelman.
Reading of the Minutes.
Report of the Board of Managers.
Report of the Treasurer.
Report of the Board of Trustees of the Home.
Reports of Committees.
Unfinished Business.
Announcements.
Adjournment.

Friday Evening, August 31st, 8 P.M., in the Chapel of Wissinoming Hall. Toe Stunts and Fancy Dancing.

By Miss Sylvia Pollock, 13 year-old dancing star, a pupil of the Mt. Airy School. Other Stunts by some members.

Friday Evening, August 31st, on the Lawn, 9 P.M.

Moving Pictures. Furnished by the Stanley Company of America.

Saturday Morning, September 1st, 8:00 to 11:30 A.M., Business Meeting of the P. S. A. D.

Invocation.
Reports of Committees.
Election of four managers to serve three years in place of those whose terms will expire at this meeting—viz: Mr. J. A. Roach, Mr. Joseph W. Atcheson, Mr. Wm. Morgan and Mr. Henry Barden.
Recess of fifteen minutes for Reorganization of Board of Managers.
Announcement of New Officers.
Unfinished Business.
New Business.
Addresses by Representatives of Local Branches and Others.
Adjournment sine die.

Saturday Afternoon, September 1st, Mr. H. T. Cusack, Chairman. Baseball Game between S. A. C. and S. B. C., on the Grounds of the Institution.

Saturday Evening, September 1st, 8:00 to 12 P.M., Reception and Dance.

Sunday, September 2d, Chapel Talk, 10 to 11 A.M., in Chapel of Wissinoming Hall, Dr. Crouter officiating. Trip to Doylestown, 1:00 P.M. Mr. J. A. Roach, Chairman. For Reservation of Automobiles, see Mr. Roach. Impromptu Talks, 8:00 to 10:00 P.M. by Members in Wissinoming Hall Chapel.

Monday Morning, September 3d, Mr. Elmer Scott, Chairman. Outdoor Sports on the Grounds of the Institution.

Accommodations—Board and Lodging may be had at the Institution at the rate of \$1.50 a day for Members only, upon application in advance for reservation to Miss Mamie Hines, in charge of reservations.

Dues—Membership in Alumni Association, Fifty cents a year. Membership in P. S. A. D., \$1.00 a year; 50 cents for Ladies.

Bal Masque

under the auspices of the

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB

of Philadelphia, Pa.

—AT—

TURNGEMEINDE HALL

Broad Street at Columbia Avenue

Saturday Evening, November 3d, 1923

Subscription One Dollar Including Tax and Wardrobe

Cash Prizes—Excellent Music

W. P. A. S.

Will present the following Entertainments

"HIAWATHA"

On Saturday, October 20, 1923

"Advertisement Tableaux"

On Saturday, November 17, 1923

—AT—

St. Ann's Church

511 West 148th Street

RESERVED

BRONX DIV. No. 92

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

S. t. Ev'g, January 19, 1924

(Particulars later)

15th Annual OUTING and GAMES

Brooklyn Division, No. 23 N. F. S. D.

ASSOCIATION HALL PARK

109th Street and Mytle Avenue, Richmond Hill

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 25, 1923

LADIES	MEN
Potato Race	Shoe Race
Jumping Rope Race	3 Legged Race
75 Yds Race	Sack Bag Race
Needle Race	75 Yds Race

CHILDREN

Balloon Race

Tag-of-War—Bronx vs. Manhattan and Jersey City vs. Newark. The winner in each contest to meet for cash prize.

Dancing Contest—Fox Trot—Cash Prizes. Bowling for men—Cash Prizes. Refreshments Served. Drinks.

TICKETS, - (including tax) - 55 CENTS

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Sol. Butteneim, Chairman
Henry Hecht A. Berg E. Pons
A. Hitecock E. Berg J. Gaffney

Directions: Chambers Street Municipal Building—Take train marked Jamaica and get off at 11th Street Station. From Ridgewood, take Richmond Hill trolley car and get off at 109th St.

DANCE and ENTERTAINMENT

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Newark Division, No. 42, N. F. S. D.

—AT—

Achtel-Stettens' Hotel BALL ROOM

844-846 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Saturday, September 29, 1923.

ADMISSION, - - - - \$1.00

Program Later

FIRST ANNUAL

FAIR

St. Thomas' Mission to the Deaf

NEWARK, N. J.

Proceeds for the Bulding Fund

EAGLES' HALL—28 East Park Street

November 8th, 9th and 10th

THURSDAY - FRIDAY - SATURDAY

(Full particulars later)

COMMITTEE

R. M. ROBERTSON, General Chairman

Mrs. T. Little Mrs. R. Robertson Mr. F. Nimmo
Mrs. W. Pease Mrs. J. Ward Mr. J. B. Ward
Mrs. F. Hering Miss R. Ramshaw Mr. F. Hering
Mrs. G. Witseblef Miss E. Ward Mr. A. L. Thomas
Mr. F. Hoppaugh Mr. G. H. Hummel

To REACH THE HALL—From New York and Jersey City: Take Hudson and Manhattan tube to Newark, and walk one block along Park Place to East Park Street.

RESERVED FOR MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87.

FRATERNAL SOCIETY FOR THE DEAF,

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1923.

Bonds For Conservative Investment

Utility
Railroad
Industrial
Municipal
Government

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds
18 West 107th Street
New York City
Telephone: Academy 4380

Correspondent of
LEE, HIGGINSON & Co.

PACH STUDIO

111 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR DECEMBER 10th
AND FOR ALL TIME—

Portraits of

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet

From the best painting
ever made of him . . .

Per Copy, \$1.00, \$3.00, \$5.00
Oil Portrait, \$75.00

PACH PHOTOGRAPH CO.

111 Broadway, New York
Telephone 9720 Rector

Picnic & Outing

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

—AT—

ASSOCIATION HALL PARK

Myrtle Ave. and 109th St.

RICHMOND HILL, L. I.

Saturday Afternoon,

August 18, 1923

Door open at 2 o'clock

ADMISSION, - 35 CENTS

Fine Prizes for Bowling and Games

JOHN NESGOOD, Chairman

Direction to Park—At Chambers Street take Lex Elevated train for Jamaica, get off at 11th Street Station, walk 4 blocks west; also take Richmond Hill car from Ridgewood.

KEEP YOUR EYES ON

DETROIT

November 10, 1923

FREE!

Life Insurance in this Company, as a rule, costs you nothing. Looking back after 10 or 15 years have gone by, you know that if you had not saved that money for your annual premium, you would not have saved it at all!

The New England Mutual (Oldest Chartered Life Insurance Company in U.S.) offers you the most liberal policy contract possible.

No discrimination against deaf-mutes. No charge for medical examination.

You gain nothing by delay. For full information and latest list of policyholders, address—

Marcus L. Kenner

Eastern Special Agent

200 West 111th St., New York

WATCH FOR THE

H. A. D. Bazaar

on December

12th

13th

15th

16th

1 9 2 3

Greater New York Branch OF THE National Association of the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Harry A. Gillen, President, 416 West 215 Street; Guilbert C. Braddock Secretary, 511 West 149th Street; Samuel Frankheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street. Meets Quarterly.

Manhattan Div., No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—Organized for the convenience of those members living in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, and this Division is well equipped for the admission of new members of good health and good character, and is prepared to provide excellent social pastimes. Among the advantages of this membership is the low rate of insurance and relief in sick and accident cases. It meets on the first Monday of each month at the "Hollywood," 41 West 134th Street. The President is Samuel Frankheim and the Treasurer is Charles Shatzkin. Address all communications to the Secretary, V. H. Anderson, 1518 Commonwealth Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 7-23-24

Many Reasons Why You Should Be A Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION No. 23, N. F. S. D. meets at 308 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and sick benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested write: BENJAMIN FRIEDLAND, Secretary, 4307-12th Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets first and third Thursdays at Eagle Building, Third Avenue at 143d Street, Bronx, N. Y. Business meetings, first Thursday of each month. Social nights, third Thursday of each month. Visitors welcome. For information write to Jack M. Kbin, Secretary, 2089 Vyse Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. E. Souweine, President; S. Lowmeyer, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

VISITORS IN CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit Chicago's Premier Club

The PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

Entire 4th floor

61 West Monroe Street

Business Meetings First Saturdays

Literary Meetings Last Saturdays

Club rooms open every day

John E. Furdum, Jr. President.

Thomas O. Gray Secretary.

839 N. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Join the N. A. D. Boost a good cause!

Catholic Visitors IN CHICAGO

are cordially invited to visit Chicago's Club for Catholic Deaf

Ephphra Social Center

1108 So. May Street, near Roosevelt Road, Social Features. Open every night except Mondays. Sundays an' Saturdays afternoon and night. Business meeting on Second Tuesday of each month at 8 P.M. Religious Meetings: First Friday for Sacred Heart Devotions and Benediction at 8 P.M. Second Sunday for Sodality Meeting at 4 P.M. Fourth Sunday for Holy Communion at 8 A.M. Noeller Sewing Circle (Ladies) on every 1st day night. Rev. Francis Senn, S.J., Chaplain. Albert Matczak, President; Joseph Stach, Secretary, 2327 Fullerton Ave., Chicago.